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Wednesday January 29, 2003

The Underground

Montreal hosts raging pack of student journalists

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Posing as "real journalists", members of the Canadian University Press flocked to the sex-shop and strip-club -ridden metropolis of Montreal last week for the organization's National Conference.

SuperBuild may not be so super for UTSC

pg.7

Will Centennial students be taking classes in the already-crowded UTSC facilities? Stranger things have happened.

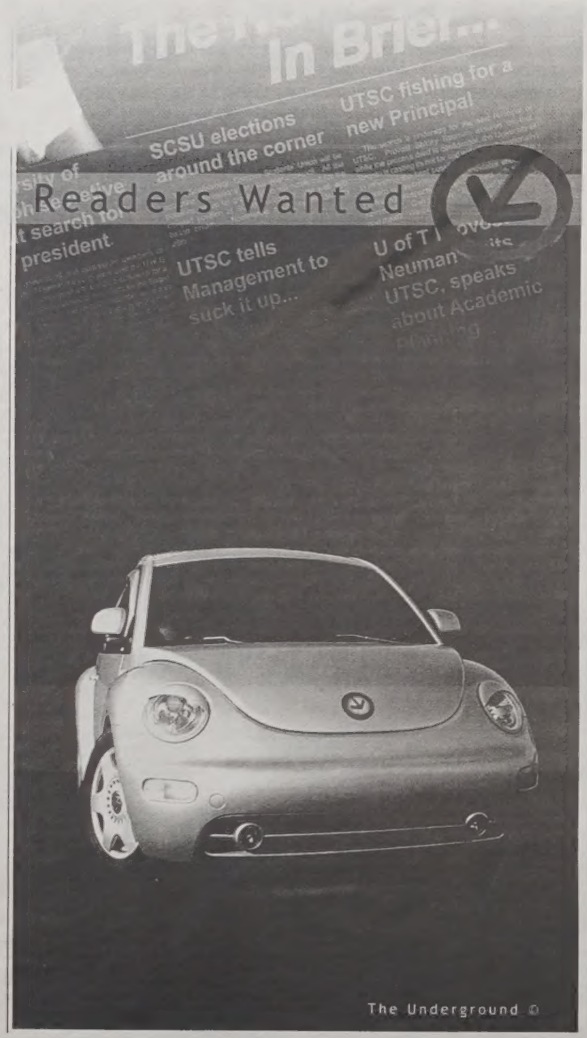
God's Monkey

pg.12

Winnipeg artist Paul Robles has graced UTSC with a new set of brilliantly-coloured works.

UTSC's student Newspaper since 1980

Volume 22, Issue 17



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*applications will only be accepted after March 1

Please submit your application with a resume to the Physical Education Department Office R-247.

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The Underground

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At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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editorial

editorial

A HALF-ASSED EDITORIAL FROM A HALF-ASSED EDITOR

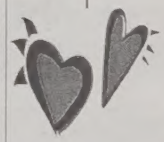
I think that if you were an alien - and I know for a fact that you are - you could likely come to Earth for only this week and bear witness to nearly everything that is wrong with North American popular culture ('American' being the operative word there). Possibly freshest in your mind is Sunday's Superbowl, the biggest sporting event of the football fan's calendar year. However, the vast majority of viewers of this event are not football fans in the least. Rather, it's become an increasing trend to watch the Superbowl merely "for the commercials." Now, I'm by no means a football fan, and I would go so far as to say that I find the game tiresome at best, but the fact that there are so many consumers, ravenous and willing to tune into three hours of football in order to see a few commercials (and an abhorrent performance by Shania Twain, No Doubt, and Sting) piques my interest, especially as a student who's looking towards a career in marketing. Do you even remember a time when it was difficult for us to sell you things? Do you remember a time when commercials were an opportunity to get that thirteenth beer or to crack another bottle of 151? It seems as though we've forgotten that ironic stance we used to take while watching Superbowl commercials, and are now deeply entrenched in the marketing spectacle. By watching the Superbowl for the ads, you perpetuate the spectacle, putting the game itself farther and farther into the background.

And while we're on the topic of spectacle, here's *American Idol* again. I'll admit it, they got me the first time around. I watched the *Idol 1* for the same reason that many, if not most of the other couple million or so viewers that tuned in each week did: to see a few people get emotionally destroyed, live in the comfort of my living room. And *Idol* delivered. We got to see girls break down into tears as their dreams of stardom were shattered, while the guys threw hissy fits in the face of producer Simon Cowell's unabashedly honest and hilariously hurtful comments. Comments such as "if you win this contest, we will truly know that we have failed" had me on the floor in hysterics. I mean, that's just good TV. Seeing people get broken down to the level of mere infants and suffering what I can only hope is long-term emotional trauma is what reality TV is all about. Even if you don't admit it to yourself or describe it in those terms, that's why you tune in to any series in the reality genre. But I digress. There's something profoundly wrong with *Idol* this time around. See, insofar as the series had an appeal outside of the reason that I just mentioned, it was that you would get to see "a star in the making", and they really had you believing it, didn't they? The producers employed elaborate stage setups, an audience of millions, and a rigorous selection process in order to convince you that they were running some sort of legitimate 'Star Search' deal. But something went wrong when the show ended. The winner, Kelly Clarkson, quickly went the way of other such artists as Marcy Playground or Jimmy Ray, namely, she burned out after one song. So if we know in advance (in case we didn't the first time) that the winner is by no means guaranteed any measure of stardom, then is there really any reason to watch? Let's face it, after the extensive auditions and the weeks upon weeks of performances (of the same goddamned song, no less), we're left with an individual who, despite being genuinely talented, had a career that fizzled after about a month. No diggity, the actual series lasted longer than Ms. Clarkson's fifteen minutes of fame. With *Idol 2* now in full swing, you can all but forget about Kelly. She will fade away while Cowell and the rest of the judges choose another to replace her, with likely the same results. This time, though, you could probably put money on the new idol being male, in order to appeal to the show's overwhelming majority of female viewers. Who knows, maybe the new idol's career will last *two* months this time. As for Clarkson, I have only two words: softcore porn.

Speaking of softcore porn, let's take a look at this week's issue, shall we? We have an important piece on some recalled (legal) drugs that you should probably read, as well as a special report from the Canadian University Press Conference in Montreal. We've also got an update on the SuperBuild situation, and an insider's perspective on the I Am Canadian Club. Yes, it's more, much more than ever before here at the Underground. A virtual smorgasbord of...Oh screw this, editorials are clearly not my strong suit. Do me a favour, will you? Just pretend that you read something really good or profound here. Enjoy the issue.

Sachin "I'm better at haiku" Hingoo
Associate Editor

WE LOVE LOVE
(and so do you, admit it!)



We're currently accepting Valentine's Day greetings/personals! Tell that hottie you've been checking her/him out with the safe anonymity of newsprint!

Example -

YOU: Eating roti in the H-Wing Cafe in that sexy way you eat your roti.

ME: Eyeing you from behind my copy of 100 Days of Solitude and beating off. Meet me in the S-Wing stairwell on Friday!

Send your message via the technopoly of the Web to:

underground_love@ace-of-base.com

Sachin says, This year, say it with haiku!

About the Cover

One of Paul Robles' work, featured in this issue. His pieces are displayed in the Gallery until March 9.

"There is nothing more natural than to consider everything as starting from oneself, chosen as the center of the world; one finds oneself thus capable of condemning the world without even wanting to hear its deceitful chatter."

- Guy Debord, The Society of the Spectacle

letters

A Response to Sachin Hingoo's article about harm reduction in last week's issue:

Sachin, you are but a genius to suggest such a progressive tactic to address current illicit drug use trends. Indeed, attempting to educate people about the effects of drugs in terms of altering their state of mind and in terms of the known effects on their daily lives is, in my opinion, far better than simply making drugs illegal and use thereof punishable. This progressive ideology stems from treating the cause of a problem rather than suppressing the symptoms of it.

However, the purpose of my letter is not to exhaust my thoughts on the issues of drug laws, but instead to remind you of a club that was initiated but a few years ago - the Cannabis Awareness and Culture group (CAC). Yes, now you remember. Well, the mandate of CAC was to do exactly what you beg for in your article, and right here at UTSC as well. CAC was a group where people that were considering the use of mind altering DRUGS could come and learn about the experiences of others in order for them to make a more educated decision about trying DRUGS. This way, someone who was thinking of dropping ACID for the first time might find out that the ACID tabs with the smiley faces were laced with some other DRUG as well, while the tabs with pink triangles were not. Or they might have found out that MAGIC MUSHROOMS (psilocybin) pack quite a punch on the first-time user, and that they should try the SHROOMS in a place they feel comfortable in, rather than a rave. These are things that CAC firmly believed in, which is why student affairs okayed the existence of what many might have thought was a POT smoking club.

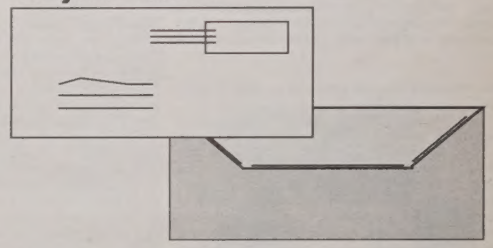
Unfortunately, most people weren't that interested in CAC. Not even the serious drug users. As a result, CAC ceased to operate as a club after one year of existence due to a lack of involvement. It seems this lack of student initiative, involvement, and commitment is quite common across a variety of disciplines at UTSC. This is in complete agreement with Gordon Lane's comment in the News in Brief last week that UTSC students don't do anything.

So, I ask why do you bitch and whine about U of T not having a program that educates students about drugs when we did have one, right here in Scarlem.... a program that fell apart due to lack of initiative. If you're interested in reviving CAC or a version thereof, the club's constitution still exists.

Quentin Stossel

PS: As a side note, why do certain faculty members, who should be setting an example for students, wait inside the S-Wing hallway during a fire alarm instead of going outside? Are they somehow exempt from catching on fire? "Because they're cold" is NOT an acceptable answer.

mailto: undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca
subject: letters



comments

Exams: what are they good for?

(Absolutely nothin')

By Marjan Tehrani
Staff Writer

I am troubled by many things. I am troubled by George Bush's stupidity. I am troubled by the fact that post-secondary education is what it is. Mostly, I am troubled by the way that this institution chooses to place us in categories of intelligence just by issuing a couple of exams. In high school, we are constantly told that our teachers are preparing us for university...my ass they are. If that's true, the high school I went to, which shall remain nameless, did a shit job at preparing me for this type of institution. In my high school, in one of my classes, my teacher sat in front of the class and played games on his laptop, while the rest of us talked with one another, chatted on our cell phones with friends, showed each other new tattoos and piercings, went and got food, or just got up and went for a walk which most often lasted the entire period. In another one of my classes, the teacher sat in the back office, only to come out to take attendance and help students when they needed it....which was hardly ever. Not to say that my high school was all crap....there were classes that were extremely serious. The 75 minute class usually turned into about 50 minutes of actual work being done, while the rest of the time it was for chilling. My high school did not prepare me for a higher institution.

I came to university and was suddenly hit by a lightening bolt. I sat in my first psychology class and was told that my entire grade is made up of four exams, each worth 25% of my final grade. Some of you might wonder why I'm bitching about this...you're thinking that it's great because there are no assignments to do and no papers to write. I, on the other hand, was completely shocked.

I don't understand how giving me 50 questions (and an hour to complete them) a professor or T.A. will be able to conclude how much I have learned, and whether or not I did all my readings. By giving me a bunch of questions and an hour to write them, all the school is doing is seeing how well I work under pressure, and how much information I can cram into my head, which is not in any way an indication of the amount of work I have put into the course.

Don't think that I'm just picking on psychology....there are other courses like Sociology and Statistics that do the same thing. I understand that there are many students in these courses and it's hard for the professors to give out assignments and papers, but not everyone is excellent at writing exams; some of us need to have the opportunity to make up marks in different ways.

Therefore, we should have the chance to earn that 4.0 GPA some other way. I know that in the real world there are pressures and consequences for fucking up, but once in a while people do need a break. Seeing how much I can glow in an hour (since I'm a girl and girls don't sweat), is not the proper way to judge my understanding of the course content.

news news

CUP Conference 2003

Montreal hosts raging pack of student journalists

Posing as "real journalists", members of the Canadian University Press flocked to the sex-shop and strip-club-ridden metropolis of Montreal last week for the organization's National Conference. On the pretext of attending educational seminars and working on CUP policy, members of student media have taken up several floors of the Crowne Plaza Montreal Centre. Keynote speakers have included the Honourable Sheila Copps and uber-lefty columnist/activist/thinker Rick Salutin. The Underground sent three delegates to the conference, and they have not been seen in several hours.

CBC President and CEO promotes socialist journalism

Last Friday, CBC/Radio Canada President Robert Rabinovitch gave a rambling bilingual speech to a crowd of bleary-eyed student journalists as they munched their brunch. Over grapefruit juice and bad coffee, Rabinovitch spoke about the continuing challenges of the CBC's dwindling budget, diversity of programming for the pluralist Canadian culture and over multiple platforms, such as television, radio, web and so on. Rabinovitch spoke candidly with the audience about the CBC's mandate, which, it turns out, is not to "catch eyes". Instead, the CBC has taken a more "alternative" approach, by actively cultivating quality Canadian programming without respect to the "bottom-line". Student journalists also learned that it "costs money" to have good journalism, and that a budget that relies heavily on advertising revenue (the CBC does not) will "pander" and "shill" to the masses, with CNN-esque coverage. Citing the "dash for the scoop" tactics of other news-television networks, Rabinovitch qualified the CBC's more balanced approach by falling back to CBC's mandate once more, quipping: "We don't want to be first, we want to be right." Truly, elitism is not dead in our beloved public broadcasting institution.

–Chris McKinnon

Sook-Yin Lee inspires at conference

Sook-Yin Lee rounded out the end of the presenters Saturday night, coming out to an eager crowd curious as to what she would talk about. Encouraging everyone to gather around close and get comfortable (an odd notion in the expansive ballroom where the speeches were given), she began by explaining her youth in Vancouver, growing up as a high school dropout, exploring the city's music scene. It was striking to learn that a person, so obviously knowledgeable from listening to her speak, had always made it a point to be self-educated and to teach herself whatever she needed to learn. Reason enough to question my expensive education. What was truly striking however were the examples of her work that she showed to the audience. From a drunken interview with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion that turned into a UFO sighting, to the story of the homeless teenager doing his 'laundry', to the bizarre encounter with the world's strongest man, Sook-Yin's work showed that focusing on the story itself and not some intended message could make for the most potent journalism. She seemed less a reporter and more a story-teller, finding moments in real life that spoke more for themselves than any amount of editorializing. When the time came to leave no one was willing to budge, not even Sook-Yin. Never before have I seen so many strangers so comfortable in a room together than when listening to this woman speak.

–Keith Friedlander

Heritage Minister winks... Seriously considering taking the PM's job

The Honourable Minister of Canadian Heritage, Sheil Copps, winked coyly at student journalists as she said that she was "seriously considering running for the leadership" of the federal Liberal Party. Copps spoke last Friday to student journalists at the Canadian University Press National Conference. Her speech began in good old-fashioned rally-style, as she glossed over broad issues of relevance to university students. Equity issues, student loan reforms, environment. Copps then took a series of detailed questions, to which she responded with unexpected fervour and eloquence on issues as broad as copyright law and gender equality. Copps left the conference with a promise to release a "blueprint for a new Canada" in the very near future. If the Minister is making the preliminary motions towards succeeding Mr. Chretien, she certainly had the support of the student media present. the general consensus seemed to be: Better Copps, than Paul Martin.

–Chris McKinnon

A Public Service Announcement (for real)

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE TELLING YOU NOT TO TAKE (THESE) DRUGS

Underground Staff

Many of you have likely gotten this by e-mail by now, but this is just for those who may not. Drug companies are recalling the following drugs and any others that contain the chemical **PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE**. They have been known, in certain cases, to cause brain hemorrhaging in women 18 to 49 within three days of starting the medication. It's suggested that if you are taking these drugs, please call the 800 number on the package. You will be entitled to a refund on these products. Though the problem has only been detected in women, it has been recommended by the FDA that men and especially children also stop taking any medication containing this ingredient. Here at the Underground, we prefer our readers to be, you know, alive.

To confirm these findings please take time to check the following:
http://www.fda.gov/cder/drug/infopage/ppa/default.htm

The following medications contain Phenylpropanolamine:

Acutrim Diet Gum Appetite Suppressant
Acutrim Plus Dietary Supplements
Acutrim Maximum Strength Appetite Control
Alka-Seltzer Plus Children's Cold Medicine Effervescent
Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold medicine (cherry or orange)
Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold Medicine Original
Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold &Cough Medicine Effervescent
Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold &Flu Medicine
Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold &Sinus Effervescent
Alka Seltzer Plus Night-Time Cold Medicine
BC Allergy Sinus Cold Powder
BC Sinus Cold Powder
Comtrex Flu Therapy &Fever Relief
Day & Night Contac 12-Hour Cold Capsules
Contac 12 Hour Caplets
Coricidin D Cold, Flu & Sinus
Dexatrim Caffeine Free
Dexatrim Extended Duration
Dexatrim Gelcaps
Dexatrim Vitamin C/Caffeine Free
Dimetapp Cold &Allergy Chewable Tablets
Dimetapp Cold &Cough Liqui-Gels
Dimetapp DM Cold &Cough Elixir
Dimetapp Elixir
Dimetapp 4 Hour Liquid Gels
Dimetapp 4 Hour Tablets
Dimetapp 12 Hour Extentabs Tablets
Naldecon DX Pediatric Drops
Permathene Mega-16
Robitussin CF
Tavist-D 12 Hour Relief of Sinus &Nasal Congestion
Triaminic DM Cough Relief
Triaminic Expectorant Chest &Head
Triaminic Syrup Cold & Allergy
Triaminic Triaminicol Cold &Cough ....

Triaminic is also voluntarily recalling the following medicines because of a certain ingredient that is causing strokes and seizures in children:

Orange 3D Cold &Allergy Cherry (Pink)
3D Cold &Cough Berry
3D Cough Relief Yellow 3D Expectorant

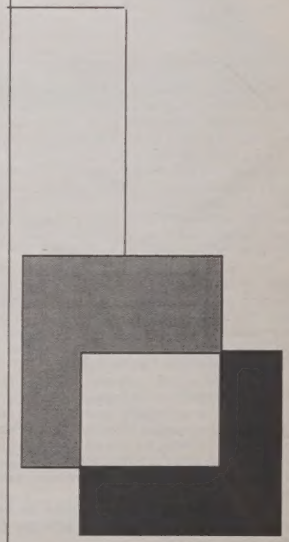
Triaminic is asking you to call them at 800-548-3708 with the lot number on the box so they can send you postage for you to send it back to them, and they will also issue you a refund. If you know of anyone else with small children, please let them know as well.

Activist says policy exploits immigrants

David Parry, The McGill Daily (Published: 27/01/03)

MONTREAL (CUP) – New immigration and protectionist measures created after Sept. 11 have created objectionable barriers to migration and a means to exploit groups of people, according to Montreal activist Jaggi Singh. Singh spoke to an audience of roughly 40 in a workshop at McGill University Wednesday afternoon entitled "No One is Illegal: Understanding Global Apartheid." The event was part of McGill's first annual Equity Week. Singh argued that measures supposedly enacted in the interest of national security allow for the disenfranchisement of foreign citizens living in Canada. "These barriers aren't so much to keep people out, but to ensure that if people get in ... then their status here is not permanent," he said. "They're vulnerable, illegal, non-status, temporary. All the better to be able to exploit people and render them passive, render them less likely to demand their rights." Singh said that these barriers to immigration have sprung from changes to the immigration laws and the refugee selection processes, which he believes create a structural form of racism. "There is a refugee selection process where you have to prove that you had a gun to you head, which doesn't really deal with what it means to be a refugee," he said. "It's set up to exclude a large amount of people who need protection." Singh pointed to the case of non-status Algerians in Montreal fleeing violence in their country as a current example of this exclusion. "Many of the non-status Algerians who had their refugee claim refused had it refused because...they couldn't prove that they would be in danger if they returned," he said. Singh compared the new refugee-processing measures to contentious immigration policies of the past, particularly the head tax imposed upon Chinese immigrants in the early 1900s. "Everyone who's making a refugee claim in Canada has to pay $550 per head," he said. "When you come here with nothing, that's a head tax." Singh pointed to United Nations statistics that predict increasing rates of global migration, a major issue he says Western governments must attend to in the coming decades. "Right now there are 150 million people per year who move across borders," Singh said. "The UN estimates that that's double what it was in the 1980s, and that it'll double again in the next 10 years." Singh further argued that Plan Pueblo Panama (PPP), a Central American development project spearheaded by the Inter-American Development Bank, will cause a large wave of migration to North America. "What [PPP] will do, and everybody predicts this, even the proponents of the plan, is create massive numbers of migrants ... They'll probably come to the U.S.," he said. "There will be this insidious situation where you displace people ... and they're faced with a militarized border."

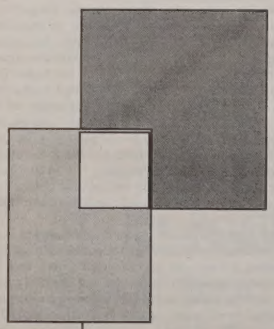
Singh is a well-known activist who has taken part in many anti-globalization protests throughout Canada. He was most recently detained in Israel after he attempted to enter the West Bank on a fact-finding mission of potential human rights abuses against Palestinians.



Superbowl provides excuse for drinking and political discourse

Dan Sharpe
News Editor

Well, another Super Bowl has come and gone. I could tell you about the game, but frankly this is not a sports section, and I have no interest in turning it into one. So instead I am going to report on what we did while watching the game. A collection of UTSC students gathered at the Fossil and Haggis to watch the game and discuss life in general. Ironically, much of the alcohol-fueled conversation around the table did not center on football. No, globalization and anti-corporate propaganda was rife (mostly thanks to my fellow news editor, Gordon Lane). The game itself was an afterthought, though I did win $20. One of the most repeated comments was "I really don't understand football". Yet these people still came out to the bar with us. I found this to be refreshing. The people who gathered around our table were not there just to watch the game. They were there to enjoy the companionship of their fellow students. This is an attitude that I have found to be sorely lacking at this campus. It was nice to spend an evening in the company of my best friends (alcohol included) and discuss the world in general. We hope to see you next year.



groundworks

groundworks

Alibi

David Hale

Nervousness gripped Lotus. The meet that had been set up with Morgan's team was supposed to be routine. The unfortunate thing about it was that her employer had asked for an extra service. Wetwork. Normally such a request wasn't unheard of, but Lotus had never liked killing much, nor was she very good at it. The Johnson hadn't mentioned why he wanted it done, and it wouldn't have been professional of her to question. She sat in the plush interior of the company's Phaeton mulling these thoughts over in her head. She looked up as a soft "Snick...Snick," sound got her attention.

Rex, the ork bodyguard under her employ, looked eager. He sat grinning and systematically extending and retracting the spurs implanted in the back of his right hand. The 30cm carbide spikes flicked in and out, in time with the Neo-thrash that played on the radio. The soft "Snick...Snick," that they made kept the beat of the drums as his toe tapped out the rhythm.

London, the human of the pair, looked indifferent. He sat with his Italian boots propped up on the minibar as he leafed through the latest issue of GQ. He exuded the essence of composure. When the Johnson had proposed the idea of killing the runners, London had acted like he was just asked to perform the most tedious task in existence. After some of Lotus' persuading however, the mage had begrudgingly agreed.

As the limo trundled on, Rex broke the silence between songs. "So, who is this Morgan guy gonna have with 'im anyway?"

Lotus opened her pretty mouth to speak, but was interrupted as London spoke, not looking up from his magazine. "Well, there is the rigger and the decker that the Johnson hired, and one of Morgan's friends. A sorcerer if I remember correctly," he finished in a patronizing tone.

Rex looked blankly at London for a moment. "So, why did this Renraku exec want the runners to steal something from his own company?"

"He didn't disclose the details to me, but I assume it was for personal gain," replied London condescendingly.

"Oh," replied Rex simply. He paused for a moment before returning to keeping time with the song.

'Idiots' thought Lotus to herself. Although what London had said was true, he had no idea at what scale. The Johnson planned to defect from Renraku. It seemed that the Mitsuhama Corporation was offering a cushy job and a larger payroll. Lotus had had the foresight to do some background checking on her employer. She was also planning to blackmail the Johnson with the information she had found. She knew that company policy in the Renraku Corporation for deflection was immediate death. She figured that this knowledge and the information that she held on the datachip in her pocket would be enough incentive for him to give her what she wanted. At any cost.

She patted the pocket affectionately. It was her ticket out. The payoff from this scam would be substantial enough to get her out of Seattle. Maybe even enough to get her a nice place in Tir Tairngire. It had been years since she had been within the borders of the lush elven nation. The Tir is heaven compared to the polluted war-torn streets of Seattle. Even the ritzy regions of uptown Renton didn't compare to the splendor of the Tir.

As the Phaeton pulled up outside the small coffee house where the meet was to take place her mind snapped back to the task at hand. Willing herself to be strong she checked the Ares Viper that was concealed by her stylishly cut jacket. Glancing briefly at Rex and London, she stepped out of the car.

* * *

Morgan sat facing the door at the small table in the back of the sparsely populated coffee house. He and his team were in high spirits after their successful run. Everyone was talking and making jokes. Even Haze's permanent scowl had lightened into a sneer. The few days of rest they had spent at another safehouse had given Morgan a chance to go over his feelings about the other night. He had rationalized it all out, and had finally decided to be comfortable with the excuse: "It was them or me."

No one had said a word about his 'breakdown,' which suited Morgan fine, because he didn't want to talk about it anyway. Feeling detached from the group's merriment, he excused himself to get another drink from the bar. While waiting for his drink he turned back to study his new friends carefully. Haze sat next to Jester, the odd pair flanking Morgan's seat. Jester laughed as he poured cream and sugar into the ashtray dousing Haze's nicostik. Zen sat across from them, attempting to conceal a smile with one of her patented frowns. At Zen's feet lay a black attaché case containing the 'Renraku Raider' cyberdeck. Periodically she would glance at it, as if to make sure it was still there. Even though the case was unlikely to sprout legs and walk away, stranger things have happened. Besides, in 2060, paranoia is a way of life.

Returning to his seat, Morgan took a look around the table. Jester shot him a friendly grin and took a sip from his steaming mug. The huge troll rigger had proved himself to be an enigma. His genuinely friendly disposition and smiling face had made he and Morgan fast friends. Haze, sitting next to Jester, was a strange contrast. The short and stocky dwarf sorcerer was repulsive in personality as well as appearance. If not for his professionalism and talent, he could have been a great detriment to the team's morale. But as a wise man once said, "You can't pick your allies." Haze glanced around the table briefly, before standing wordlessly and heading off towards the washroom. Zen, who was normally anti-social, had spent a few hours surfing the Matrix on their newly acquired cyberdeck. This had seemed to perk her up a bit. She had described the experience as being like: "Riding on the back of a Great Dragon hopped up on cram, without a seatbelt." Her eyes were bright with glee and her lips curled into a pretty smile. Morgan had been afraid to tell her that she had to give it up. He, after some persuading and heavy bribing, had finally talked Haze into telling her. Good thing too; Haze's jaw was still swollen from where she had hit him.

As the door of the bar opened, Morgan came out of his happy reverie. Lotus entered the bar, her long legs carrying her quickly into the room. Morgan smiled a greeting and waved her over to the table. Directly behind her entered London and Rex. Morgan's smile dropped as he spied each of them gripping a SMG. Reacting quickly, Morgan flipped the table onto its side as the two goons opened fire. The runners' drinks crashed to the ground, spilling broken glass and coffee across the floor. Morgan grabbed hold of Zen and Jester and dragged them down behind the table. The autofire burst from Rex's HK227 stitched a line in the wall behind them, where only moments ago would have cut the trio in half.

The bartender came to the defense of the runners by pulling a sawed off shotgun from behind the bar. As his sight lined up on Rex, London motioned towards him. The clout spell tossed the bartender like a toy against the bottle lined wall behind him. His limp form disappeared behind the bar with the shotgun. The sound of shattering glass followed him as a line of bottles crashed to the floor.

Using the table as a shield, Morgan popped up, Guardian in hand. Using his smartlink, he lined the crosshair on his retina up with Rex's thigh. Squeezing the trigger, he sent a round ripping through the unprotective cloth and knocked Rex down on one knee. The large ork cried out in pain through gritted teeth. The muzzle of his HK227 arced towards the ceiling as he landed on his knee. A stray slug slammed into the left side of Morgan's chest. The armor plating in his long coat managed to stop the round, but the force of the blast spun Morgan around knocking him to the floor. Wheezing, he rubbed his ribs beneath his coat with a pained expression. The squashed slug slid dully to the ground.

Jester crouched, doubled over in an attempt to shelter his massive form behind the table. Grinning slightly, he slapped a fresh clip into the Colt Cobra that he held. Shoving himself to his feet he lept over the table. "Cover me!" he yelled as his feet touched the ground. Zen replied by offloading her trusty Walther PB-120's. The suppression fire sent Lotus and London scattering for cover. The prone Rex, flattened himself against the ground covering his head with his hands. Jester dashed past him and vaulted over the bar. He landed in a crouch as flechette rounds splintered the wood behind him.

The washroom door burst open as Haze stepped into the room, Remmington Roomsweeper in hand. Quickly assessing the situation, he tossed a manabolt spell at Lotus' turned back. The spell streaked across the room. As it slammed into the shapely form there was a crackle of magical energy. The barrier spell around her shimmered as it shrugged off the manabolt. Lotus spun

on her heel and went into a crouch. Her Viper spewed flechette rounds into the doorway surrounding Haze forcing the dwarf back into the washroom for cover.

Zen glanced over her shoulder at Morgan, as she reloaded her pistols. "Are you hurt?" she asked quickly.

"No, not badly," returned Morgan.

"Then get off your ass!" she spat harshly.

Morgan complied. Pushing himself to his feet he fired at Rex. The wounded street samurai launched himself onto his one good leg. He almost shimmered as he moved, the wired reflexes that enhanced his reaction made the world around him seem as if it was moving in slow-motion. Discarding his HK227, he lunged at Morgan, the 30cm spurs extending menacingly. Morgan brought his hand up quickly to ward off the attack. Dropping his Guardian, Morgan grabbed the samurai's wrist before the spurs could penetrate his chest. The momentum from the blow sent the pair crashing to the floor. Shifting his weight Morgan planted his foot on Rex's stomach. Rolling back on his shoulder Morgan launched the off balance razorboy head over heels with a double booted kick. Rex grunted as he hit the wall. Twisting in the air, he landed easily on his palms. Morgan let inertia roll him backwards onto his feet. Spinning, his foot lashed out in a roundhouse. Rex ducked the attack and rushed forward. As Rex's left hand grabbed behind Morgan's knee, he raised his forearm and elbowed him in the solar plexus.

The wind rushed out of Morgan's lungs. His back landed heavily on the wooden floorboards stunning him. Rex stood on his one good leg and brought down his spurs savagely towards Morgan's bared throat. Morgan twisted at the waist, rolling out of the way. Rex's blades, having his entire weight behind them, imbedded deeply in the wood. Seeing his victim trying to escape, Rex's tried to follow, but found himself stuck fast to the floor. Morgan jumped to his feet. He wheezed for a bit as he caught his breath. Turing back to Rex he was pleasantly surprised to find his assailant, nailed to the ground. Taking quick advantage of his opponent's weakness, he kicked him roughly in the stomach. Rex's right arm moored his body to the ground as he sprawled onto his back. Following through Morgan heel stomped Rex's wounded thigh. "Take that, slotter!"

Jester flinched as flechette rounds tore into the bar. Energy crackled as the rounds from Jester's autofire flattened themselves against the magical shield that protected Lotus. Zen took potshots from her position behind the now splintered and broken table. As Lotus dashed for cover in an alcove, Zen noticed that the energy field surrounding her was flickering slightly.

Sweat beaded London's furrowed brow as he focused on sustaining the spell that protected Lotus and himself. Pitted in a magical battle with Haze, he was losing consciousness fast. Haze on the other hand looked calm and collected, a nicostik clenched between his teeth. Concentrating, Haze sent a stream of flame leaping from his finger tips. Heat jetted towards London forcing him to retreat. As the flames ignited his finely cut clothing, his spells faded. Pain seared at him as the flames burned his flesh. Throwing himself to the ground he began to thrash about helplessly in an attempt to extinguish the flames. Haze watched with a smile as the body wracked in agony one last time before laying still. The small flames died out and disappeared. Dropping the butt of the nicostik from his mouth Haze extinguished it with the sole of his boot. "Burn, Baby, Burn..." he mumbled with a chuckle.

The barrier spell having been dropped, Lotus found herself surrounded. Nervously waving her Viper around she pulled the trigger. A dull click resounded heavily. The clip was empty. Turning around she came face to face with the lethal end of Morgan's Guardian. "That's enough chummer," he said coolly, easing the hammer back for effect.

Lotus glanced at her fallen bodyguards, and then at Rex's discarded HK227, which lay only meters away from her. Morgan followed her line of sight and then quickly snapped his eyes back to her. "Don't even think it..."

His voice trailed off as she lunged for the weapon, her small hands splayed wide as she grasped for the handle. She hit the floor and her hands clutched at air as Haze snatched the SMG from her reach. The toe of his boot collided with her pretty mouth, snapping her head back. He trained the submachine gun on her as she lay holding her face, blood and spittle dripping to the floor.

"Bloody elves," he sneered coldly.

Jester stepped out from behind the bar and tossed away an empty clip. Walking to where Rex was pinned to the floor, he grinned jovially at the stuck samurai. Rex glared and lashed out, but Jester was just beyond his reach. Morgan took charge of the situation.

"Jester, go start the truck. Haze you go with him and keep an eye out for the Star. Zen, you search Lotus, I got her covered."

Jester nodded and walked to the door. Haze walked over to Rex and put a few rounds into the sam's head.

"What the frag are you doing!?!" yelled Morgan.

"Alibi," replied Haze flatly. Stepping past Rex he clubbed Lotus in the back of the head and dropped the SMG next to her unconscious body.

Morgan frowned, 'Too much fragging violence,' he thought feeling quite ill. Zen holstered her pistols and started rummaging through Lotus' jacket. Drawing out several credstiks, and some jewelry, she came upon a small black datachip.

"Well, hello..." she said softly to herself. Glancing over her shoulder, she made sure that no one was watching before she slid it into her pocket.

Morgan looked at London's charred body, and grimaced. The corpse smoldered, casting off a wretched smell of burnt flesh that made Morgan's stomach churn. He looked at Rex's decapitated body and bile rose in his throat. Out of the corner of his eye, he thought he saw London's body twitch. Watching the torched figure a few moments longer he blinked.

'Must've been my imagination,' he laughed inwardly at himself.

Shaking his head to clear it he moved to search Rex's body, but decided against it as he gagged and had to turn away. Turning his back on the gruesome sight he motioned Zen to the door and walked out of the bar...

weekly haiku
by sachin hingoo

I AM PSYCHOTIC
I WANT TO KILL MEL LASTMAN
BACK, AND TO THE LEFT.

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arts

The Funny Boy Comes to University of Toronto

Meghan Hurley

On Friday, January 24, The Cultural Affairs Literary Committee presented a reading by author Shyam Selvadurai in the Leigha Lee Browne Theatre. Selvadurai came to Canada with his family from Sri Lanka at the age of nineteen to study creative and magazine writing at York University. He completed a B.F.A from York before beginning his first novel called *Funny Boy*. His first novel was published to acclaim in 1994 and won the W.H Smith/Books First Novel Award in Canada. In the U.S he was awarded The Lambda Literary Award for Best Gay Men's Fiction.

His debut novel, *Funny Boy*, is a historically accurate representation of an upper class family in Sri Lanka. The politically sensitive issue of homosexuality is addressed in his novel as a way to illustrate its presence in Sri Lanka, despite constraining and dehumanizing laws against it. Although it is a sensitive subject, in an interactive discussion with the audience, Selvadurai commented that he "wanted to write about a book and worry about the reaction later." Like any good author, he wrote *Funny Boy* according to his own beliefs, ignoring the popular ideologies on the subject in Sri Lanka. Selvadurai remarked that *Funny Boy* is about many current issues that are prevalent in Canada, although the setting of the novel is in Sri Lanka. By living in Toronto, he was able to construct a novel that any individual can relate to and enjoy.

His next success, *Cinnamon Gardens*, is set in the world of 1920's among the upper class. Selvadurai's adventure in writing is what enabled him to create a second masterpiece. Similar to his first novel, *Cinnamon Gardens* is a very accurate representation of the historical movements in Sri Lanka during the 1920's. He is fascinated with history because he was never able to study issues such as the women's movement while he lived in Sri Lanka. His second novel demonstrates the struggle of a woman to be liberated in an oppressive society. As a result of his own jagged feelings of liberation, he felt compelled to research the topic, and ultimately create an award-winning novel as a result. Although historical information was necessary to create such a novel, he found it difficult to ensure that the narrative was not overwhelmed with history. Instead, Selvadurai wanted history to happen to the characters, and to have a fascinating story emerge from this history. The woman in *Cinnamon Gardens* came out of the idea of 'new women' in Sri Lanka. The independent 'new woman' was described perfectly in his novel according to the circumstances of Sri Lanka during the 1920's.

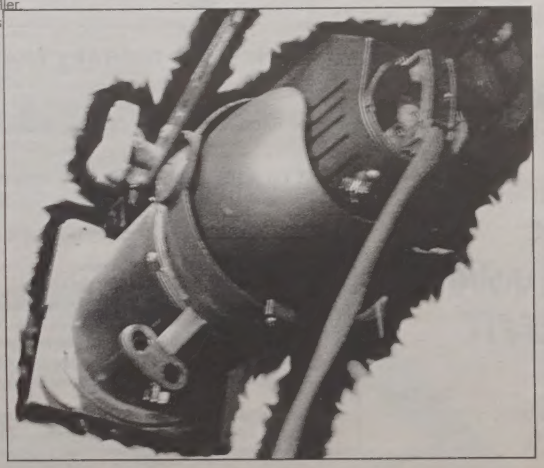
Shyam Selvadurai is in the process of writing his third novel, which is partly set in Canada. Although he cannot reveal the details of his third book, he did mention that writing ultimately comes from your soul. During the reading, Selvadurai described the writing process of a novel as involving great patience. In writing two novels, he discovered that "what you begin with and what you end with are very different." A change in the direction of the novel has nothing to do with the ambitions of the author, but rather the development of the characters as the writing process progresses. He is such a passionate and talented author that his next novel will almost certainly be an award-winning masterpiece.

Beautiful *Crimes*

By Holly Cousineau
Staff Writer

Play: Crimes
Written by: Adam Nashman
Directed by: Hrant Alianak
Produced by: Alianak Theatre Production in association with Bald Ego Theatre & Threshold Theatre
Starring: Allon Nashman, Allan Aarons, Oliver Becker, Catherine Black, Garo Britsian, Valerie Buhagiar, Daniel Kash and Michael Waller.
Rating: 4/5 stars

Crimes is a vivid exploration of the existing hatred that different races have for each other, even decades after the first genocides of the twentieth century. Tir, an archeologist, gets commissioned by a corporation to verify the emotional value of a church located on the land they wish to mine in. They need to know if there is truth to the legend that the spear of destiny, the one that pierced Jesus Christ's side, was once housed in that church. For this job, Tir will have to travel to Armenia, his grandfather's homeland. In fact, his grandfather, Kricor, was a survivor of the Armenian genocide that occurred in 1915. He was one of the hundred children brought to Canada and given a chance to prosper there. After having survived death marches and starvation, Kricor had to figure out how to survive in an entirely new society where all that he had left of his own culture was his name. When World War Two erupted, he enlisted in the army and fought overseas. In England he met a Jewish woman named Elizabeth, and after the war they settle down in Canada together.



Even though Tir has a rich background he refuses to identify himself as anything other than Canadian. Prior to his new job opportunity, Tir spends most of his time at home indulging in drugs while watching television. When his grandfather finds out that he going to be spending time in Armenia he is glad to see his grandson going to his homeland. However, he warns him that the sole thing that will protect him from the hatred of others is his hatred of them. He cautions him about the prejudices of man, about past hate still existing and never seeming to dissipate. Tir disregards his grandfathers' remarks and embarks on his journey.

He encounters many different people on his search for the spear. Each person is using some form of drug and Tir gets to try all of them. Every session initiates horrifying hallucination revealing the past crimes against his ancestors. As time passes, the exposure to his hallucinations of the war, the depth of others' hatred and the denial of those past crimes, somehow creates a sense of identity in Tir. An identity that he is willing to fight for.

Crimes is a truly amazing play that invokes a great range of emotions from the audience and exposes the darker side of humanity. The projector and three sets create such credible scenes that they could only be surpassed in greatness by the highs and lows of the actors' excellent portrayals. Overall, it is a beautifully orchestrated piece. *Crimes* will be playing until February 1 at the Berkeley Street Theatre Upstairs at 26 Berkeley Street.

JOSH FREUND, TEAM MEMBER, RACING IN THE C.A.R.T. SERIES.

feature

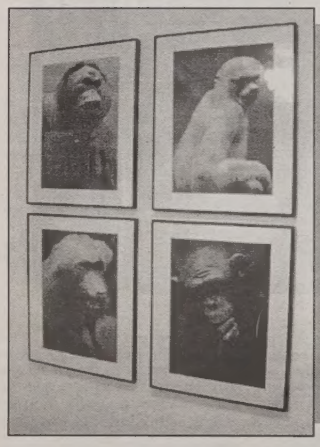
Paul Robles: God's Monkey

Exploring the topics of cultural identity, race, and the politics of representation, John Robles brings his work, entitled *God's Monkey* to the Gallery at UTSC until March 9th. Born in the Philippines but raised in Canada, Robles is conscious of his Chinese and Filipino heritage, which infuses his work with a feeling that he is interested in the construction of identity, and that there is always something beneath the surface.

A colourful display of predominantly masculine figures spouting origami flowers eclipses the largest gallery wall. The emasculating effect of the flowers themselves as well as the Asian origins of origami allow the viewer into Robles inentions.

A collection of Asian porcelain dolls composed of common labourers and royalty is a bold statement about the two-tier class system in China. Many of these dolls were purchased at second-hand stores.

Winnipeg artist Paul Robles has graced UTSC with a new set of brilliantly-coloured works. At 33, he has already established himself as a national artist concerned with the exploration of nationality and ethnicity.

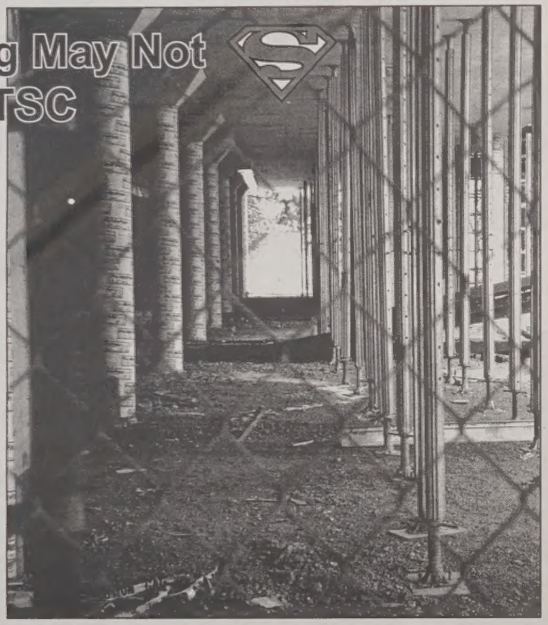


Paul's series of primate photography was inspired by the floor plan of a New York City Museum. The contrast of Asian culture with over-stuffed ancestors prompted him to document this display.

Paul Robles' work will be displayed until March 9. Don't miss an opportunity to view these poignant, controversial, and truly moving works.

life

SuperBuild Funding May Not Be So Super For UTSC



Christian Lucier
Life Editor

As students of UTSC, many of us have heard the term 'SuperBuild' over the last year or two. SuperBuild funding sounds pretty straightforward – funding that is meant for substantially heavy construction. The students of UTSC have certainly seen SuperBuild in full effect, considering that the Academic Resource Center (ARC) and Phase Four Student Residence are being erected with this funding. However, UTSC's part in SuperBuild funding has not been as clear-cut as some of us thought it was. A portion of SuperBuild funding for UTSC has come at a cost, which, in this reporter's opinion, will be the University of Toronto's good name and reputation itself.

SuperBuild funding is money provided by the Province of Ontario for schools, hospitals, universities, and such. If one of the previously mentioned categories is lacking in terms of facilities and space, money is supplied by the Province to meet the demand through phases. There were two phases of SuperBuild funding this year, with a third phase to come. The University of Toronto has received money for various projects in phases one and two, and is currently applying for more funds in phase three. It is undisclosed as to whether UTSC specifically received any of the funds the University of Toronto acquired in phases one and two. There are many doubts as to this issue, and the following information certainly does not make matters any better.

In particular, I am talking about the ARC. To the naked eye, it would appear as though UTSC's SuperBuild funding is financing the construction for the ARC. It is true that money from SuperBuild is indeed bankrolling the ARC, but in fact, the funding being used was not UTSC's to begin with. This is where Centennial comes into the picture. The University of Toronto owns the land that Centennial College is being built on. Through a land lease agreement the University of Toronto acquired from Centennial the SuperBuild Funding needed to construct the ARC. We can all thank the Province of Ontario for making this transaction possible.

As of late, the Province is supporting a closer tie between universities and colleges, hence their approval for allowing the flow of SuperBuild funding from Centennial to UTSC through the land lease agreement. Professor Ted Relph, Assistant Principal for Campus Development, states that "there had been some negotiations with Centennial about joint programmes before this happened, so the SuperBuild lease arrangement cemented something that was already underway." How convenient! Professor Relph hints the transaction was not "indirect but effective."

If you, the reader, cannot tell from my tone in the previous paragraphs, I am not entirely pleased with our ties with Centennial College. My main problem with Centennial is that it is indeed a college. The UTSC student body pays an incredible amount of money to attend university. The prestige (if in name only) of attending UTSC can only diminish when associated with a college. And to think that UTSC is going to have joint programmes with Centennial. University is university and college is college. There is a bold line between the two that should not be crossed, because the quality and type of education between the two institutions is very different. A number of the proposed joint programmes with Centennial have already taken flack from numerous critics, but I am not going to go into the specifics…yet. Some of the joint programmes that are already in place are Paramedicine, Journalism, and New Media. There are many other joint programmes on the way.

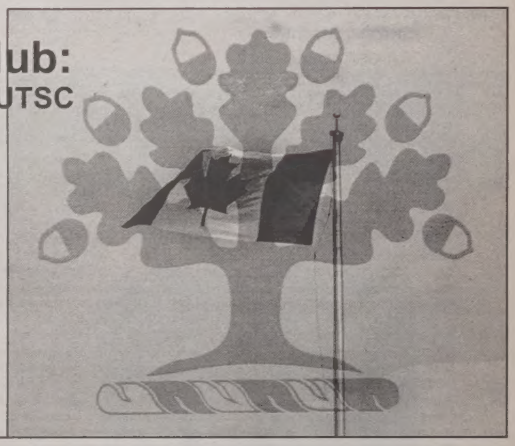
I feel as though the student body is not being told everything. If we have all these joint programmes, does that mean we will be sharing the ARC with Centennial, considering that their SuperBuild funding paid for it? Quite possibly. Will Centennial students be taking classes in the already-crowded UTSC facilities? Stranger things have happened. The new relationship with Centennial appears to have been planned though; in the sense that the only reason why the powers that be initialized it was because of its convenience. Convenience isn't everything though. A Toyota Camry is convenient, for example, but that does mean we should all go out and buy one.

They say that UTSC is changing for the better because of all the new facilities set to open next year. However, little does the common student know that some of these facilities have come at a cost. We will have to wait until next year to see exactly what that cost is, yet I think I have said it in more ways then one.

It would be nice to hear the student body's opinion in this matter. Do you think a relationship with Centennial College will benefit UTSC? If so, how?

The I Am Canadian Club:
A Club for All Canadians at UTSC

Rob Chung
Underground Staff



As I walked through the Meeting Place this past week, I saw a spectacle never before seen at UTSC; a sight that produced within me the same sense of extreme patriotism that we all felt watching the Winter Olympics last year, when the Canadian women and men brought home the gold medals in hockey; the same sense of national pride that I felt when I attended World Youth Day where Canadian delegations marched through downtown Toronto draped in Canadian flags, singing 'O Canada' for all to hear. To my very eyes appeared such a sight of beauty that I thought I had fallen asleep during my Rise of the Novel class again, and was sleepwalking in a wonderful dream-like state. But alas, what I saw was real: the I Am Canadian Club, a group of students gathered together covered in Canadian paraphernalia to celebrate the sheer joy of being Canadian - a club that welcomes all students and excludes none, a club that fully appreciates the nation that we all call home, a club that feels pride at the fact that only in Canada can one find a Tim Hortons on every street corner. And as a true patriot and one who believes that UTSC is in fact a part of Canada, I honestly believe that the I Am Canadian Club at UTSC is the greatest thing since Microwave Kraft Dinner.

I had the opportunity to speak to three members of the executive committee of the IACC, who were three of the most polite and friendly people I have ever encountered at UTSC. Shay-Lea O'Brien, the Prime Minister of the club, Lindsay Orr, the Deputy P.M., and Chris Van Abbema, the treasurer, took time out of their busy schedules to speak to me about the club and its founding principles. Five first-year students who felt that no club at UTSC fulfilled their interests, or the interests of the general population of UTSC, formed the club in the winter of 2002. They wanted to create an organization for all students of UTSC, one that focused on what was common between every student here - our shared identity as Canadians. Prime Minister Shay-Lea O'Brien claims that other clubs had more political stances that did not interest her, or others she knew. She wanted to form a club whose purpose would be to gather together people who are "proud to be Canadian, who like what Canada represents, who want more information about Canada, and to just have fun." As Lindsay Orr, the Deputy P.M. explains, "Everyone is here for a reason, but everyone still wants to have fun. All week, people would walk up to our table, sit down and talk to us for hours about anything and everything", revealing the welcoming, friendly nature of the club and its members. The reasons we may have for attending UTSC may be different, but every person wants to have a good time and enjoy their stay here. And everyone in this context means everyone: no one is excluded. O'Brien believes that the club is "unifying, in the sense that we are all at U of T at Scarborough, in Canada" and that the club emphasizes this commonality. Chris Van Abbema adds, "It is good that we're promoting a sense of national pride."

Promoting a sense of national pride among students who are constantly barraged with academic distractions is no easy task. The I Am Canadian Club has managed to attract over a hundred members in less than a year in existence, and membership will only increase. The Club has also attained sponsorship from many local businesses, community organizations, and local members of parliament, who are undoubtedly impressed with the level of passion the members demonstrate for Canada. The ideals which the club stands for are obviously valued by members of the student body at UTSC, as well as the politicians and concerned businesses that support the IACC. It is obvious that this group of students has created something very special, something that has inspired many people to support them in their goals to make UTSC a better place by allowing those of us who love our country to gather together and "party CANADIAN style." Some of the events that the IACC has planned include a Skating Night at CEDEARENA, a Tobogganing Night, a Pub Night (YAY for beer!), as well as a Canada Day in winter.

For more information on the club, they have an extremely kick ass website at http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~iacc. There you will find bios on the IACC executive, planned events, news, and other stuff pertaining to the club. If you wish to join the club, you can do so by emailing them at iacc@utsc.utoronto.ca. There is a nominal fee of $5.00 that goes towards the costs of operating the club. And if any of you are awake on Monday mornings between 9 and 10am, listen to the IACC on CSCR Radio @ 90.3 fm for a uniquely Canadian listening experience.

So, for those of you who have a strong sense of national pride and are looking for a bunch of cool people to spend time with, check out their website and listen to them Monday mornings on the UTSC Radio station. Email the executive council and beg them to let you join their ranks. I promise you, it will be the best decision of your university careers. I already have, and so inspired by their wonderful enthusiasm for our Canada, I'm going to put on my Roots Hoodie, watch 7 hours of Hockey Night in Canada while listening to some old Barenaked Ladies albums, with a true Canadian beer in one hand and a Tim Hortons coffee in the other. Why? Because AM CANADIAN.

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Popular Idiots

John Loerchner
Underground Staff

I am not afraid to offend. Every day that I enter my institution of learning, a (supposed) haven of growth and free thought, I am confronted with a slew of ant-offensive propaganda. To be honest, every new page I see posted on the walls makes me want to puke. The effective results of the "politically correct" movement are a virus on our society parallel with that of bigotry and chauvinism. The idea that we are working towards a utopian society where each individual can live in harmony with the next is one that we are erroneously and naively blundering at. We cannot possibly relate and benefit from one another if we spend every day watching what we say and even think in order to properly interact with each other. Conflict is in our nature.

Pop culture is little more than a visceral experience. It is a section of our culture that is simply accepted for what it is. It is consumed with the understanding that there simply are no metaphysical properties to these works. This portion of our society is, in its own manner, a valid and necessary dynamic in our everyday life. However, nobody accepts Britney Spears as a progressive artist or thinker (indeed, most of us question if she does think at all) of our time. She is simply a commercial object that incites basic reactions in the individual. However, when one wishes to look a little further into themselves and possibly the greater portion of humanity I am willing to bet that no one in their right mind will be turning to the mass manufacturer to provide a satisfactory answer.

It has been the history of college and university students to rebel against the "evils" of politicians and men (I'm sorry PEOPLE) of power that plague our society. It seems to me that recently in our plight to repeat history our predictability has allowed us to become pawns of the very powers that we struggle so hard to resist. What is our cause? We as the "activists" have become so involved with the idea of struggle that we are fighting for issues of power and cash in the name of morals and values (much like Hitler and Satan and our current adversaries).Our attempts to gain control over our situation have been observed by those in power and their reaction has not been to understand our needs and satisfy them but simply to euphemize them. Those in power are bouncing grey issues back to us in the hopes that we interpret it as action. This has been accomplished in a very simple manner. For example, when our leaders are confronted with the issue of racism they do not look at the individual and why that individual may be concerned by colour of skin. They instruct us that the use of the *word* Negro is degrading, and therefore if we say "black" instead the problem of racism will disintegrate accordingly. This solution was presented in the 70's and has been repeated until, through a long progression, we are now ordained to use "African-American" in its place in order to cease racism. Quite frankly, one can say 'homosexual' and 'African-American' with the same amount of wrath as one would utter the words 'nigger' or 'faggot'. The issue is not that of semantics, as our "P.C." liberal government has so successfully convinced us.

I'm afraid that I simply do not understand what it is that everyone is fighting for. I honestly want to join in the struggle for progress (I know most of you think that's a dirty word, think about *context* not simply *your* definition of the word). However, the cause that our generation seems to be fighting so hard for is one that is morally analogous to that of dear Ms. Spears. We are being set in a rut of pop thought that only lies on the surface; we are accepting it and fighting vigorously for it. When we finally succeed in our plight, what have we won but another word? The fight against bigotry, sexism, and homophobia (et al) will not be won through terminology. Those that we simply do not agree with, whether we like it or not, have legitimate concerns as well. Forcing them into a social situation where they must word their volatile opinions in such a manner as not to offend does not change anything. All that this accomplishes is the illusion of understanding. This illusion is synonymous with the illusion of reality that pop culture exists upon and creates and internal resentment that most of us (I hope more than less) can identify with. What we must work towards is a state of compromise. A world in which different ideals can be understood yet not be so extreme as to ostracize a specific segment of society. We cannot be so ignorant as to expect the world to land in the center of issues in order to satisfy as our government does. Extremes are necessary in order for growth. What we need to work towards is a situation in which there are differences of opinion; but not to the point of hate. So in closing, I encourage you to grab your Gap clothes and blast your Blink 182 because I will too; but if you want to accept popular thought as your heartfelt opinion, you can do it alone.

"Pop culture is little more than a visceral experience. It is a section of our culture that is simply accepted for what it is. It is consumed with the understanding that there simply are no metaphysical properties to these works."

...the cause that our generation seems to be fighting so hard for is one that is morally analogous to that of dear Ms. Spears.

The Thin Waist Line

Or a Value Meal for you soul

Satan's Bakesale

Andrew C. Epstein, (TLOD)

This week, my words are inspired by one of my fellow columnists. In passing, she mentioned that it's been a repeated New Years resolution for her to lose her love handles. For many years, this has been something that I could relate to. However, at this point in time I feel that the quest for weight loss has gone way too far. Do we want to be healthy? Of course we do, but the ideal has become far too unrealistic.

More than any other age, the year 2003 has provided us with the most unrealistic ideal of how the body is represented. This is marketed to both sexes in different ways. At the moment, however, I am most disgusted with the way in which women are portrayed. More and more I see sex symbols that look more like 10-year-old boys than women. Penelope Cruz, Calista Flockheart, and Lara Flynn-Boyle are all supposed to be really sexy, but it just seems to me that they are wasting away.

This is all part of the horrid catch-22 that advertisers have created for today's youth. On the one hand, you have the marketing of food. The most affordable and least time-consuming food is of course fast food. A kid who wants to be just like Michael Jordan, sees him in a fast food commercials, but you can bet Michael didn't get where he is today by wolfing down the Big Macs. These commercials give the impression that the people who eat at these places are healthy and happy. If anyone spots an overweight person in a fast food ad, please tell me because I sure haven't seen one.

Then there is the horrible super-size option. We are pumped full of the "fact" that if we don't take advantage of the value inherent in the super-size deal, then we are fools. What?!? You don't want to up-size to the 2-gallon bucket of fries for 25 cents? Then you just don't understand the concept of value, my friend. See that guy over there? He's got more than you for only a fraction more, so you're not as smart as he is.

Then there come the other mental vultures: the weight loss experts. To my horror I found out that there's actually a magazine called *Shape*. A fitness magazine whose name implies that they know of the exact outline of the human form that makes you more acceptable. Former star of the show *The Practice*, Lara Flynn-Boyle was told by producer David E. Kelly that she had to drop weight in order to stay on the program. Boyle's weight was already so low that her ribs began to protrude grotesquely from her sides and the dispute led to her leaving the program.

On one side, we are being told that we have to consume this great food, and on the other we are told that we have to attain this thin form. It becomes this cycle of worry and paranoia that plagues overweight people like myself. We are subconsciously told to consume and consume, but then we are told that we consume too much.

Buy the food, then buy the Slim-Fast, then buy more food, then buy a gym membership or you won't be attractive. See this magazine? That's what attractive is these days so you'd better make sure you look like that. If you don't, you won't fit in, and you need to fit in just like those attractive people in the fast-food commercial. But while you're there trying to fit in, make sure you super-size so you can get the best value, because you don't want to be a sucker.

It goes on and on like that. The worst offender is the Subway Corporation that tries to tell us that Jared lost all that weight just by eating there. The small print at the bottom of the screen saying that in addition to the sandwiches, Jarred ate better and exercised daily. It also tries to hide the fact that only perhaps four sandwiches on their menu have lower fat, and that's without sauce or cheese. But that's ok, because millions of desperate overweight people who are tired of being ridiculed for their NORMAL 'problem' will flock to Subway and trick themselves into thinking that their sandwich makes a difference.

At some point it just becomes cruel. It's cruel to prey upon people's insecurities, and it's even more cruel to play with ideas of health and well-being. It also creates an unnatural image of what is beautiful. I read tons of articles bashing reality-show star Anna Nicole Smith because she is "fat". However, the definition of fat is changing everyday. Now five pounds overweight is considered fat. Jennifer Lopez is considered fat. Has anyone bothered to look at her? Of course her ass looks big, it's because there's almost no waist of compare it to! So condemn me for thinking that Anna Nicole Smith is a hottie and Penelope Cruz is not. I just don't find myself attracted to people who look like malnourished Holocaust victims.

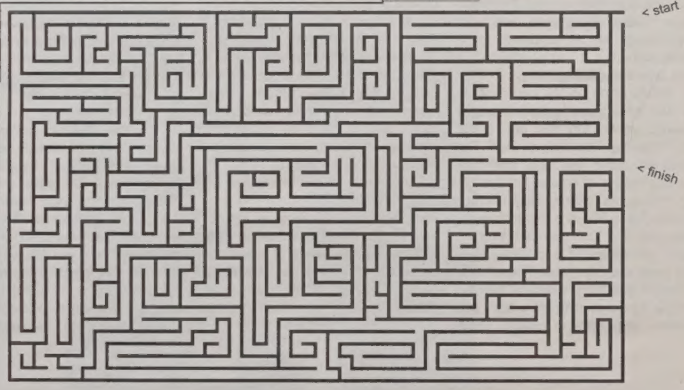
diversions

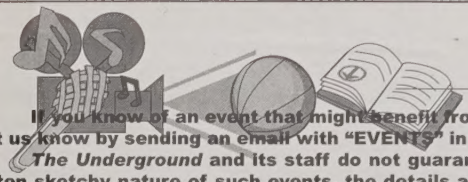
diversions

by
Kelly Lisle
& Ayshia Degia

This week we are pretty bored. We are also noticing the effects of spending all of our money on school stuff, and being broke. Now, some might feel that being broke is the worst thing in the world, but we would like to offer you all a list of fun things to do for free, or for almost free in the city of Toronto. So here is your passport to tons of low-budget goodness:

10. Go bowling! There are tons of cheap places, and they are filled with potential for fun times.
9. Thrift store shopping, where else could you find ridiculous memorabilia from your youth?
8. Enjoy cheap drinks and retro music at the Phoenix on Friday nights.
7. Go to New York Subway (Queen St, West of Bathurst) and order a potato burrito. Don't be discouraged by the appearance of the restaurant, the health inspectors passed them two years running, and the food tastes like success.
6. Go to the AGO on Wednesday night. It's free.
5. Go to the ROM on Friday nights. It's also free.
4. Go for a nice skate in Nathan Phillips Square. You might have to deal with frostbite, and whiny children, but guess what? It's free!
3. Take the ferry to Centre Island. It might be pretty cold this time of year, but its still fun (*editor's note: I'm not sure that the ferry runs to Centre Island during winter, but the park will certainly be closed. However, please keep one word in mind: VANDALISM!*)
2. Go for a ride on the brand new Sheppard Subway line. Supposedly it's really nice.
1. Hey look, #1. Cool. Since we live in Scarborough way far away from all that low cost fun, here's a maze to do (suckers.)





events

If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Ongoing. Jan/Feb Mambo Italiano. "Coming out has never been so much fun." Elgin Theater. Info at 416.593.4142.

Ongoing. Writing Center Seminars. A must attend for most UTSC students. Topics include passive sentences, introductions and conclusions, thesis statements, and conjunctions. Check your local wall for an ad or the Writing center in the Library for more information (date, time, topics)

Ongoing. Be involved in human rights. Hope-Cards are currently posted on Amnesty International's bulletin boards across from the H-wing cafeteria, as well as outside B-505. Stop by and sign them.

Ongoing. Be a statistic! Sign up for psychology experiments outside of S-319. Promote human understanding. Sometimes they give you money...

Ongoing. Lee Bul and Art Of The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, to Mar 2, Liu Jian talk 6:30 pm Jan 22. $4, students $2, free Wed 5-8 pm. THE POWER PLANT (231 Queen's Quay W.) 416-973-4949.

Jan. 29 - Should I drop this course or not? 10am-noon, S302

Jan. 29 Noon-hour Student Recitals, in the Music Room, Hart House. Noon to 3pm. Free.

Jan. 29 Canadian Blood Services Blood Donor Clinic in the Meeting Place

Jan 29-31 LGBTQ presents MENTAL HEALTH WEEK WORKSHOPS. See 'Queer Corner' (the back page of this issue) for details. Free.

Jan 30-ongoing. Co-ed Naked Interhouse Volleyball. Well, not really naked. But sign up anyway. Put together a team of 6-10 for $20 at the Athletic center service desk. Games last all semester and are on Thursdays from 4-7.

Feb 1 DARKRAVE v.36 Dj's Paladin 5.0, Grimace, Lazarus, Phink and more spin for people wearing black. Big Bop/ Reverb (651 Queen St. W.)

Feb 1 BHANGRA NATION World Bhangra and Dhol Cup. Bhangra masters around the world gather to compete for $2000 and the Bhangra World Cup. Teams from UK, Scotland, Canada and the US. La Suhaag Banquets (75 Hedgedale Rd.) for info call 416-737-4371

Feb 1-9 First Aid and CPR Courses Brought to you by the ABCS. Two different courses. $70 ABCS members. $80 non-members. Contact 99doudad@utsc.utoronto.ca.

Feb 2 Homeland Security - SMERK ;^) & DROSS:TIK RECORDS PRESENT SAN FRANCISCO'S OPTIC (ISOLATE) AND NYC'S RENEGADE VIRUS CREW, FEATURING AMOK, XYLENE, FURY8, NAKEDSLICE, FOODSTAMPZ, METROPHAGE AND NOBODY. CLUB 56 (56 KENSINGTON). $3 19+.

Feb. 6 Drum Social, Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. 16 Spadina Rd. North of Bloor. 7 - 9pm.

Feb. 7 United We Shine Talent Competition. Celebrate the accomplishments of Toronto's African-Canadian youth. Central Commerce Collegiate Institute, 570 Shaw. 7pm. email: yese@lefca.com

Feb. 7 Kathryn Rose, video release at Healey's. $10 at the door. Doors at 9pm. 19+

Feb 8 Black on Black Crime. Inspired by actual events. York University's Burton Auditorium. 4700 Keele Street. 7PM. Tickets are $15 advance, $20 at door.

Feb. 2 - Feb. 8 Peace Week. Campus Chaplain's Association facilitates... speakers include: Jody Williams, Stephen Lewis, Craig Kielburger, Zanana Akande and Gwynne Dyer. More info (416) 888-8535, gfs.khalsa@utoronto.ca

Feb 13 LIFE IN THE SO-CALLED SPACE AGE Grand Opening. DJ Lazarus presents futurepop, ebm, and retro in the main room while Phink spins electro and psy trance in the back. $2.50 domestics all night. Free. ZEN Lounge (526 Queen St. W.)

Feb. 13 SCSU Spring Election Nomination Period - Closes

TOWN HALL MEETINGS ON ACADEMIC PLANNING

The Provost's Office launched the next academic planning process in mid December by posting "green papers" at **http://www.utoronto.ca/plan2003**. A "green paper" is issued for a consultative phase that precedes the drafting of a planning or policy document. The "green paper" phase of planning aims to elicit campus-wide discussion about priorities for the next academic plan. The green papers have also been published in the January 13th issue of the Bulletin.

During January and February, Provost Shirley Neuman will be holding a series of Town Hall meetings to discuss the "green papers". This is an opportunity for all members of the University community to contribute their ideas and their sense of priorities to the academic planning process. **Please encourage your faculty colleagues, and your graduate and undergraduate students to attend one of these meetings and please attend yourself.** All members of the University—students, faculty, staff and alumni—are strongly encouraged to participate in one or more of these fora to share their questions, ideas and responses with each other and the Provost.

Following this consultation, a draft academic plan for the 2003-2009 period will be drafted. It will be circulated for further discussion before being taken to Governing Council in late spring.

The calendar for the Town Hall meetings follows:

Friday, January 10, 2003
2:30 pm - 4:00 pm
Innis College, Town Hall, Room 112
2 Sussex Avenue

Tuesday, January 14, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Medical Science Building
MacLeod Auditorium, Room 2158
1 King's College Circle

Wednesday, January 15, 2003
4:00 pm - 5:30 pm
Victoria University
Isabel Bader Theatre
93 Charles Street

Thursday, January 16. 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
Bahen Centre Information Technology
Auditorium, Room 1160
40 St. George Street

Monday, January 20, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University College
Room 140
15 King's College Circle

Friday, January 24, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University of Toronto at Mississauga
Matthews Auditorium
Kaneff Centre, Room 137
3359 Mississauga Road North

Monday, January 27, 2003
2:00 pm - 3:30 pm
Trinity College
George Ignatieff Theatre
15 Devonshire Place

Wednesday, January 29, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
St. Michael's College
Alumni Hall, Room 100
121 St. Joseph Street

Friday, January 31, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Earth Sciences Centre, Room 1050
25 Wilcocks Street

Monday, February 3, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
OISE/UT
Auditorium, Room G162
252 Bloor Street West

Wednesday, February 5, 2003
3:00 pm - 4:30 pm
University of Toronto at Scarborough
Humanities Wing, 2nd floor, Room 216
1265 Military Trail

Friday, February 14, 2003
10:00 am- 11:30 am
New College
Wilson Hall Amphitheatre, Room 1016
30 Wilcocks Street

The Underground

queer corner

The LGBTQ is hosting several events throughout Mental Health Awareness Week:

Wed. January 29
LGBTQ/Sexuality concerns, as well as that of international students, will be addressed. Treats and info will be handed out to interested students.
Located between the Bookstore and Tim Horton's from 11-3.
LGBTQ/Sexuality Issues: Coping with sexuality-related stress, the gains of being 'out of the closet', how to manage an active queer lifestyle, and more.
International Students: How to create support systems, and who to turn to at UTSC.

Thurs. January 30
Substance abuse/dependence (alcohol, drugs) will be highlighted and discussed. Treats and info will be handed out to interested students.
Located between the Bookstore and Tim Horton's from 11am to 3pm.
Join us for an informative workshop in the Council Chambers, from 12pm to 1pm, which will readdress LGBTQ issues with a more hands-on focus. Food will be provided.
Substance abuse/dependence: If drugs and alcohol is interfering with your life, we can provide info for and put you in touch with people who can help you help yourself.

Fri. January 31
Sexual harassment, anxieties, and general stress will be the focus of this day. Treats and info will be handed out to interested students. Located between the Bookstore and Tim Horton's from 11am to 3pm.
JOIN US FOR an interactive demo of self-defense in the Meeting Place between 12pm and 3pm.
JOIN US FOR an informative and relaxing stress-relief session in the teaching studio of the Athletic Centre, hosted by a staffed therapist, from 2pm to 3pm (please wear comfortable clothes).
Sex. harassment, anxieties: Learn how to overcome common anxieties, and where to go for uncommon anxieties; contact info for self-defense classes will be provided.

FELLOWSHIP IN ADVANCEMENT
at
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

VELUT ARBOR AVO

Are you a recent or soon-to-be graduate?

Are you interested in a career that involves:

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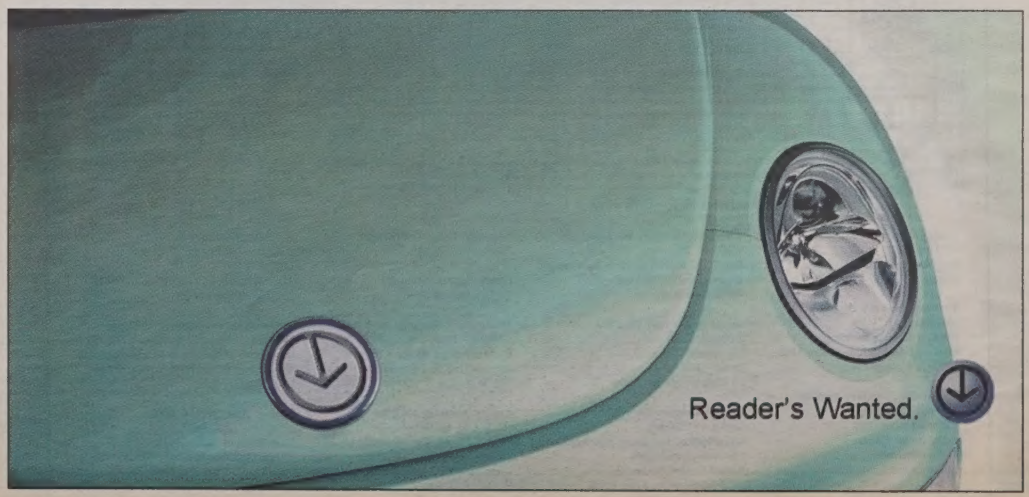
* PUBLIC RELATIONS
* SPECIAL EVENT and VOLUNTEER MANAGEMENT
* COMMUNICATIONS
* PHILANTHROPY

Are you interested in helping the University of Toronto rank among the leading international public research Universities?

If so, consider the field of Advancement. Advancement is the term used to describe the activities of fundraising, alumni and public relations that help to harness the financial and human resources required to advance the goals of the University. It's a rapidly growing field filled with exciting opportunities.

The University of Toronto is looking for highly motivated candidates who are committed to higher education, voluntarism and philanthropy for a 12 month internship starting in September 2003.

Application deadline: Friday February 28, 2003
Visit : www.alumni.utoronto.ca/stayconnected/career.htm
Paper copies of the application form are available at the front desk.
J. Robert S. Prichard Building
21 King's College Circle
between 9:00am – 5:00pm
or contact **Karen Papazian at (416) 946-8371** or
karen.papazian@utoronto.ca